CHILDREN'S BOOKS

The Commonweal

November 16, 1951

Thunder in the East

Josef Korbel

To Be a Child Again

Claire Huchet Bishop

Idea and University

Francis E. McMahon

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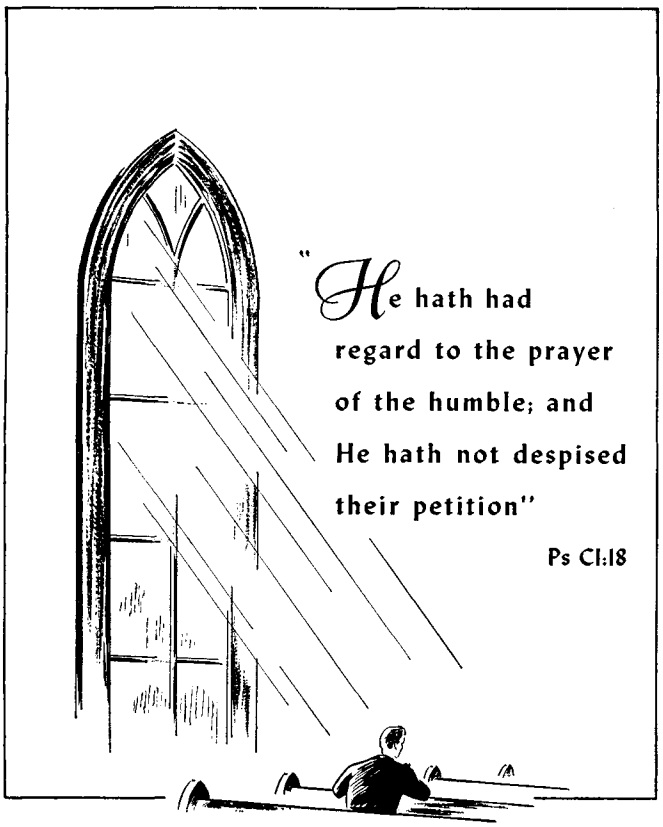

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The Commonweal

WEEK BY WEEK

Korean Truce Parleys

CHINESE concessions on the matter of the truce line in Korea have not unraveled the enigma that surrounds their plans. The onset of winter and the loss of a million Mao Chinese and North Koreans would hardly explain their more tractable mien. For manpower is almost limitless in China and all human beings are held expendable in order to attain a Communist Asia.

There is more weight in the consideration that without vast new accessions of Russian matériel and instructors, the Mao forces will be unable to penetrate farther into Korea. Indo-China may now appear to be easier picking, and forgotten Formosa, too.

But the specific intentions of the Mao-Stalin axis are so obscure that it is not even apparent whether or not the Communists are willing to liquidate the Korean adventure. In the light of the negotiators' stalemate of the past four months, there is something startling about the fact that UN and Chinese negotiators have come so close on the subject of the buffer zone which would separate North and South Korea during the armistice. Although the Chinese boggle even at the idea of neutralizing strategic Kaesong, the two opposing forces are at one on nearly all other buffer zone specifications.

The Communist mountain moves slowly, particularly in the Orient. If over four months are required to agree on a cease-fire buffer zone, what would be the normal time expectation on conditions that are even more intricate and basic? The UN continues to press for solutions in the cause of peace; the Chinese Communists will not be hurried. Unless they have actually decided to retire, negotiations will go on and on.

Take the matter of exchange of prisoners, on which the UN rightfully insists. The Communists simply do not know how. Or consider the UN proposals for guaranteeing the truce and the subsequent peace. How difficult it is to envisage permission being granted to inspectors to range at will behind the Communist lines. Or can a mutually acceptable formula for withdrawing foreign troops from the Korean peninsula be readily imagined?

The UN negotiators must always stand in readiness to come to an agreement whenever the Chinese Communists decide that they will pull out. Only then will there be a chance of acceptable terms. Meanwhile the UN must hold firm. That General Ridgway and his aides have every intention of doing so is indicated by the latest plan to get the boys home by Christmas. This time it will be on the basis of rotation, with all men who have served in Korea since January 1 soon to be on their way back. Even then certain officers and special personnel will require man-for-man replacements.

Despite the preponderance there of American arms, men and casualty lists, Korea stands as a symbol of common international action to block and punish an aggressor. That is why UN forces have to pursue things to a decisive termination. Too many lives have been expended in the defense of this Asian bastion, too many homes and farms and cities laid waste, to permit a cease fire which fails to provide security for the future.

The American Indian

A CURIOUS contrast to the coming of age of certain colonial peoples is provided by the present state of our own American Indians, who continue in a life of tutelage at this late date. The descendants of the Redmen who once hunted and fought and peopled the vast expanse now occupied by the forty-eight states now number some 435,000 and the majority of these are not yet considered fit to manage their own affairs.

The present regime of the Bureau of Indian Affairs, headed by Commissioner Dillon S. Myer, is under sharp attack from friends of the Indian for prolonging unnecessarily a tutelage set up a century and a quarter ago.

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There are variations in the living standards of the various tribes, with the Navajos and the Hopis of the Southwest at the foot of the ladder. Assimilation to the American way of life is the proclaimed objective and it is not conceived in terms of abandonment of colorful tribal customs. Instead, emancipation of the American Indian is to be primarily economic. Our aborigines are to be educated to the point that they will hold onto their natural resources and handle them well, pay taxes on land now held in trust for them by the Government and generally deport themselves as full-fledged citizens.

That the Indians are far from having reached this normal estate is indicated by the line of attack on the present policies of the Bureau of Indian Affairs. No plan of gradual emancipation is in operation. The Bureau opposes the gradualistic Zimmerman plan, which distinguished three main levels of Indian civilization, on the ground that there are too many and various Indian treaties to attack the problem according to a single plan, however complex.

The result is a piecemeal and fragmentary policy which protracts tutelage and retards self-development. Our Indian problem therefore goes along with our Negro problem as a touchstone of our reputation throughout the world for our attitude toward the non-Caucasian.

Indispensable Source

THE current issue marks the twenty-fifth anniversary of *Orate Fratres*, published at St. John's Benedictine Abbey, Collegeville, Minnesota. This distinguished liturgical monthly was founded by the late Virgil Michel, eminent as a sociologist as well as a liturgist; it has continued to maintain its original quality and distinction under its present editor, Godfrey Diekmann. Through the years it has brought to American readers the thought of the leading European liturgists. Its constant object is to bring men to active, wholehearted participation in the Catholic liturgy—or common prayer life of the Church—the indispensable source of the Christian spirit.

First and foremost *Orate Fratres* has stressed conscious and devout lay participation in the Sacrifice of the Mass. It has fostered a deepening and intensifying of our knowledge of the Sacraments, channels of sanctifying grace. Finally, it has encouraged a number of men and women in the workaday world to recite the Day Hours from the Divine Office, to make the prayer life of the Church their own. It has thereby indicated to the layman his true role in the life of the Church, a role still obscured in the defense formations of post-Reformation Catholicism.

While its primary emphasis has been to bring the treasures of the liturgy to the individual Catholic, *Orate Fratres* has also aimed at a Christian reconstruction of society. Faith must lead to works, living contact with the liturgy to fruitful social action. The objective is nothing less than the Christianizing of our dominantly secular environment.

Anyone with a wide knowledge of parish churches in this country can hardly avoid feeling that the message of *Orate Fratres* has for the most part fallen on deaf ears. Even today the number of churches that carry out the liturgy in the manner advocated constitute a mere handful. At $2.50 a year and despite its sustained quality, the circulation of this review has rarely attained 5,000 copies.

However, it is undeniable that the missal is now in much wider use, the annual Liturgical Weeks are growing in influence and a new emphasis on the liturgy can be found in our diocesan seminaries. And there is no telling how many American Catholics, lay and clerical, *Orate Fratres* has enlightened and sustained through the years.

'Strange Lands and Friendly People'

IN a letter addressed to Prime Minister Nehru of India, a group of prominent Americans spoke for many of their countrymen when they told Mr. Nehru that "recent events have raised serious questions" in their minds as to the aim of Indian foreign policy. What they had reference

• NEXT WEEK •

ROBERT BARRAT writes about the political side of the school debate in France.

"It is essential to distinguish clearly between the two aspects with which the question is endowed. The first is the problem of the free school [not operated by the State], one of those ancient quarrels of modern French history which has suddenly just flared up like a fire slumbering beneath the embers. That is the one which is politically the most important. The second, which is much more serious for the future of France, is the reform of our teaching."

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to was the seemingly neutralist course that India has been steering between East and West, as exemplified by her limited support of the UN in Korea and by her apparently undisturbed acquiescence in the rise to power of the Chinese Communists. "We find it tragic indeed," the Americans wrote, "that a great people such as yours, having fought for generations, and fought successfully, for its own freedom, should now, having attained it, seem blind to the grave threat to freedom in other parts of the world."

Mr. Nehru said in reply: "Our policy is not neutralist but one of active endeavor to preserve and, if possible, establish peace on a firm foundation. . . . It is only as regards the methods to be employed to achieve the purpose that you have felicitously described as 'the survival of freedom with peace' that differences exist, and as I have explained at length in my public pronouncements, there is both room and justification for such differences."

Indeed there is room for differences. But still, even though it is very good to have Mr. Nehru's direct assurance about where his country stands, we are left with things pretty much the same as they were before these letters were written. India has not yet thrown even all her moral weight behind the UN in Korea; she still takes what appears to be a rosy view of Chinese Communism. In short, our "differences" are serious ones; we still do not see eye to eye with the Indians. Why is this?

Supreme Court Justice William Douglas has recently returned from India, where he not only talked to the Indian leaders but spent a good deal of his time walking from village to village and talking to the people. He has written a book called *Strange Lands and Friendly People* and in it he helps us to understand why we do not see eye to eye with the Indians and why we sometimes seem to be talking different languages. It is, Justice Douglas believes, a tragic case of not getting our ideas across to each other and he appeals to us to try to see the situation as it really is. Here is what he says:

> The world is different than we in America have thought. Asia is in revolution. . . . Communists exploit the situation, stirring every discontent and making the pot boil. The revolutions which are brewing are not, however, Communist in origin nor will they end even if Soviet Russia is crushed through war. The revolutionaries are hungry men who have been exploited from time out of mind. This is the century of their awakening and mobilization. . . .
>
> American foreign policy has never been addressed to the conditions under which these revolutions flourish. Democracy, peace, aggression are important words to us; but to those in the hinterland they are apt to be hollow and meaningless. America's voice when heard in this poverty and disease-ridden belt often sounds coarse and cheap—not because we intend it but because we do not know the world in which we live. . . .
>
> The faces of these people and their words keep coming back to me. Some of their words sting. A peasant of India pointing to dead bodies of those who had died of starvation and asking me, "Is America the good nation we were told when it destroys its surplus potatoes and lets people die? . . ."
>
> One who loses himself in the villages of Asia for weeks on end returns to America profoundly disturbed. The America he loves is not the America the people of Asia see. The attitudes we express, the words we use, the policies we pursue too often injure rather than help the cause of freedom-loving people. The reason is that we live in one world, the people of Asia in a different world. They do not understand us nor we them.

What is to be done? Justice Douglas feels that we Americans ought to take our eyes off television for awhile and look at Asia: just look and look hard, making a real effort to see what is out there in those strange lands and in the minds and hearts of those friendly people. If we do that, Mr. Douglas feels sure that we will learn, among other things, that "America, the nation of surplus food, must find ways and means of sharing her surplus with the world." And, he insists, "our foreign policy must be specifically related to the land problem. We should be behind those who sincerely have as their motto—'the man who works the land should own it.' If that were our announced policy, if that were the word that went out from all our embassies and legations, the masses of Asia would soon be on a basis of understanding with us."

"Operation Survival" has made considerable headway since the first report on new subscriptions was made in the October 19 issue. By November 6 some $2,553 had been received in cash contributions. Long-term new subscriptions had reached a total of 1,668. If the present pace can be maintained, the remaining 2,832 subscriptions will be attained by New Year's. This is heartening evidence of a widespread desire that THE COMMONWEAL should continue publication.

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Archbishop and Ambassador

THERE were features in the press this week about two distinctly different personalities, and yet a common thread ran through both stories. *Collier's* magazine carried a profile on Archbishop Richard J. Cushing of Boston, and the New York *Times* ran a short piece on Chester W. Bowles, the new American Ambassador to India.

The *Collier's* article tells of how the Archbishop of Boston puts as little emphasis as possible on personal privilege and has drastically reduced the scale of living he was expected to follow. For instance, he sold the art pieces collected by his predecessor, in order to finance the education of more priests. He stripped the Archbishop's house of many of its luxurious furnishings and went so far as to drain its private swimming pool, which is now used as a storage-place.

Archbishop Cushing finds it not beneath his dignity to travel in an automobile considerably less elaborate than the one he was expected to use. He minimizes the external pomp associated with his office and takes a personal interest in many of the humble people he encounters in the course of a busy day. By nature the Archbishop is a warm, friendly personality, and he has made no effort to assume aloofness or distance since his elevation to the archbishopric.

The *Times* story on Chester Bowles is subheaded "Informal Personal Approach of U. S. Envoy Already Felt After Only Two Weeks." The *Times* writer goes on to tell of how the Bowles family arrived in New Delhi looking as rumpled as any travelers after an airplane trip nearly halfway across the world. Then the new Ambassador forgot his striped trousers and had to borrow an ill-fitting suit from the Italian Ambassador when he called upon the Indian President to offer his credentials.

The Indians were very pleased when the Bowles moved into a house smaller than the one occupied by the Ambassador's predecessor. There was more favorable comment when Mr. Bowles insisted that the junior members of the diplomatic staffs and their native Indian assistants be included on the official guest list for his first "get acquainted" social affair.

Finally when the Bowleses sent their three children to the local public school and not to an exclusive private place, the word was around that the U. S. had sent a "democratic" Ambassador to India. The Bowles children, incidentally, go to school by bicycle and not by the impressive official automobile that could be called into service for them.

It is difficult to say just why these two stories on the simplicity of the Archbishop and the Ambassador are so appealing. I suppose it is partly because the external trappings and traditions of both offices were built up in times different from ours, under circumstances different from ours. Neither archbishops nor diplomats, as such, have blended easily into the American democratic scene.

The external traditions of the Church are deeply marked by the fact that they crystallized at a time when monarchy was the prevailing form of government. The Church outlasted the feudal era but feudal forms have hung on. Such titles as His Grace and His Eminence are still in use. Such customs as the genuflection and the kissing of an official ring are still observed. At times, I imagine, to non-Catholics they must seem out of place on American soil.

I know that when I see a picture in the newspapers of prominent Catholic laymen, some of them leading civic figures, kissing a Bishop's ring, I try to see it with non-Catholic eyes and realize that it is disturbing. When you see pictures of the Princes of the Church at civic affairs, their robes flowing, you wonder too just how that must be regarded. Do people realize that under the robes and behind the exotic amenities there are Americans like themselves who grew up in this country and who think and act like Americans as well as like churchmen? If they have ever actually met ecclesiastics like Archbishop Cushing, probably yes. It is easy then to see the man beneath the exotic robes and feudal forms. But when the "hierarchy" (a word with sinister connotations for many Americans) adds up only to strange, distant people in a newspaper photo who demand and get from the Catholic people a strange and distant devoir, it is understandable that many get a misleading impression.

If only for this reason I think that any effort to minimize the element of foreignness and distance is a good idea. I know that a thousand years of tradition and custom cannot be destroyed overnight and that, to some extent, every prelate is the prisoner of history. But Americans are the prisoners of the present, too, and every attempt to cut down external grandeur and display is sure to be popular, with Catholics and non-Catholics alike.

The striped-pants diplomat is also something of an anomaly on the American scene. The way international diplomacy has developed—the strict forms, the stern rigidness of procedure—is foreign to our disposition as a people. We have exalted informality, wide latitude, a certain relaxation as prime characteristics.

The American antipathy to diplomacy has also served the opponents of Dean Acheson. Mr. Acheson is almost the living incarnation of diplomatic qualities. He *looks* like a diplomat, and from time to time he is called upon to dress like one. For that very reason many people are emotionally lined up against him in any argument. The characteristics the Secretary personifies—coolness, rigidity, formality—are all mistrusted in this nation, where Bing Crosby and Ike Eisenhower are national heroes, largely because they express the very opposite set of traits.

It is probably for this reason that one reads of Chester Bowles' quiet defiance of the diplomatic tradition with special interest. What is especially heartening is that the Indians like it. What they like is the way we really are. Mr. Bowles' informality is much more typical of our national character than the rigid behavior of traditional diplomats.

JOHN COGLEY.

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Thunder in the East

The India-Pakistan dispute over Kashmir may be the gravest of all threats to world peace.

By JOSEF KORBEL

I REMEMBER vividly the last words Liaquat Ali Khan said to me in Karachi, in the summer of 1948: "We don't ask anything more than a free plebiscite in Kashmir to decide whether its people want to join India or Pakistan. But we shall meet force with force whatever the cost may be. We shall never surrender to the Indian military pressure."

The Pakistan Prime Minister used the same words in what turned out to be a final public statement before he was assassinated a few weeks ago. Liaquat Ali Khan was a man who possessed those rare virtues which distinguish the statesman from the mere politician: simplicity combined with penetrating intelligence, firmness with kindness, conviction with wisdom, seriousness with a sense of humor. He piloted Pakistan over turbulent waters with an experienced hand, avoiding the treacherous rocks presented by Pathan tribesmen and Moslem extremists within his country, and by the gravity of relationships with India and Afghanistan outside. Above all, he was an astute leader in the dispute over Kashmir.

The shot which sent the Prime Minister to his death was fired at Rawalpindi, a town situated on the Pakistan-Kashmir border from which the Karachi government directs the political activities and military movements aimed at Kashmir. A special Ministry for Kashmir has been established there. Though the assassin was a citizen of another Moslem country, Afghanistan, which has been pursuing a hostile policy towards Pakistan, there is no doubt that many hot-heads will seek to lay this act of violence at India's door. They will say that it was done at Indian instigation. The tragedy at Rawalpindi will reverberate over all the Indian Subcontinent, but especially on the adjacent territory of Kashmir.

Kashmir is a storm center in the nationalist whirlwinds that are sweeping over the Moslem world. As a prominent American put it to me the other day, the Kashmir dispute is now "the gravest potential danger to the peace of the world." If that is the case, the death of Liaquat Ali Khan will not diminish but rather increase tension. It is, therefore, the paramount task of the peaceful democracies to watch developments in Kashmir with an eye to preventing hostilities, rather than rushing to the place like a fireman after the house has already caught fire.

★

FOR more than three years the United Nations has been trying to mediate between India and Pakistan in the Kashmir dispute, but with no success. Only a few days ago the United Nations mediator, Dr. Frank P. Graham, returned from his mission in India and Pakistan only to report another "failure of a mission."

Ever since August, 1947, when Pakistan and India achieved their independence from British rule, relations between the two countries have been unsettled and, from time to time, even critical. The problem of Kashmir has been only one of the many crucial questions which have blocked a good-neighbor policy between them. The two governments have also failed to reach agreement on the state of Hyderabad, on the division of property, the use of waters, the allotment of military equipment, the exchange of goods, the difficult problem of refugees, and the adjustment of currency. Only good faith and good will can establish a common denominator strong enough to overcome all the difficulties which have appeared as inevitable consequences of the partition of the Indian Subcontinent. But both good faith and good will have been lacking; and further, deep-rooted feelings of grave suspicion and religious hatred between the Hindus and Moslems have thwarted every attempt to settle the issues. Now the crisis has culminated in the concentration of the Indian army along the Pakistan border, and Dr. Graham's empty-handed departure from India has left the inflammatory situation in Kashmir to elements which may get beyond the control of the central governments in Delhi and Karachi.

If Dr. Graham failed to bring the Kashmir dispute closer to a solution, the reasons for his failure should by no means be sought with him or the United Nations. His fame as an able negotiator has been long established, and the United Nations has shown an exemplary patience in dealing with the problem.

JOSEF KORBEL was formerly in the Czechoslovakian diplomatic service. He is now professor of International Relations at the University of Denver. ...

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DR. GRAHAM has not been the first representative to engage the United Nations authority. Before him, in 1948 and 1949, a five-member commission was sent to the Subcontinent —and it failed. And in 1950, the noted Australian jurist, Sir Owen Dixon, made an attempt to find a peaceful solution of the dispute. He, too, failed.

How did it ever happen that these two countries—India and Pakistan—began a fight over Kashmir which now threatens to involve hundreds of millions of people?

In accordance with the Independence Act passed by the British House of Commons in 1947, India and Pakistan were placed on the map as two independent Dominions. There had been a number of princely states on the Subcontinent ruled by Maharadjas who owed allegiance directly to the British Crown. The Independence Act left them with the choice of joining either India or Pakistan, or of declaring their independence, the latter alternative being of only academic value. Most of these states joined India or Pakistan. Kashmir is one of the few states which has not as yet declared itself.

The decision is apparently very delicate and difficult: the country is inhabited by a predominantly Moslem population whose feelings draw them unquestionably towards Pakistan; the nominal ruler is a Hindu Maharadja but the real ruler is a Moslem politician, Sheik Abdullah, who fought the Maharadja for many years and, in the summer of 1947, was installed in power with the help of his personal friend, Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru. Nehru has disregarded the religious affinity of the Kashmiris with the Pakistanis; he points to the guarantees of equality which Moslems and Hindus share in the secular state of India. Sheik Abdullah claims to represent the wish of the Kashmiris to join India, while a local movement of liberation headed by the Azad government accuses him of Quisling treachery and charges that he does not have the backing of the Kashmir Moslems.

★

THE fighting in Kashmir started in August 1947, immediately after the British passed the Act of Independence. Who started it may remain a mystery never to be solved by historians. Pakistanis assert that the Maharadja of Kashmir, a Hindu ruler in a Moslem state, sent troops to suppress the local revolting population and that this was followed by a mass invasion of Kashmir by the North-West Frontier tribesmen who declared a holy war on their hated enemies, the Hindus. The Indians say that the tribesmen descended from the mountains into the Kashmirian plains and valleys, supported by the Karachi government, to pillage, rape and abduct. One spearhead advanced up to the outskirts of the capital, Srinagar, and surrounded its airport. The Maharadja, acting according to the terms of the Independence Act, acceded to India in order to save his country from plunder and asked the Indian army for help.

Pandit Nehru, who for so many years valiantly led his own nation's struggle for national self-determination, felt that it would be somehow inconsistent merely to use the terms of the Independence Act and accept the accession of Kashmir to India without further qualification. He declared publicly that the accession would be made final subject to the approval of the Kashmir people. By accepting the intervention of the Security Council, he seemed to have adhered to the idea that the wish of the Kashmir nation should be ascertained through a plebiscite under international supervision.

Before the United Nations was asked to deal with the dispute, war spread through several areas of Kashmir, bringing terrible suffering to the population. The Indian army was slowly pushing the tribesmen and the local Azad forces back, advancing from the North to the Pakistan border. At this moment the Pakistan government stepped in and ordered its army to enter Kashmir to prevent the Indians from the occupation of the Jehum River, which flows from Kashmir to Pakistan. Nehru accused Pakistan of an open act of aggression, basing his argument upon the assumption that Kashmir had become a part of India. Pakistan took the risk, for she was afraid of being cut off from the river waters and of being invaded by the advancing Indian armies.

Such was the situation when the Commission of the United Nations, of which I was a member, arrived in Karachi in July, 1948. We had been sent to the Subcontinent to mediate between the two parties in dispute, to stop the fighting in Kashmir, and to prepare conditions for a plebiscite which would decide whether the country would become a part of Pakistan or of India.

Political passions were running high in Karachi, in contrast to the normal life in a city where all activities seem to come to a standstill during the midday hours of exhausting sunshine. Both the Prime Minister of Pakistan, Liaquat Ali Khan, and the Foreign Minister, Sir Zafrulla Khan, described the situation in Kashmir as very serious and did not conceal their fear of an Indian invasion of Pakistan.

On one Sunday afternoon, I received a telephone call from the Pakistan Minister of Finance, Ghulam Mohammed, (new Governor General); he asked me to see him immediately. I knew about his influential position on the Pakistani political scene. He gave me a detailed explanation of the Kashmir problem and then said, with the pathos of a fanatical believer: "For thirty years I have been a friend of Nehru, fight-

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ing alongside of him against the British. Now we are free and have our own independent countries. But Nehru hates the mere existence of Pakistan and wants to destroy us. Well, he can do so. He has an army and weapons; we have none. He can march on Karachi, come to this house and stab a dagger right in my heart. I may die, but I will never surrender, and the great idea for which I have lived will live forever. We shall never give up our Kashmir."

★

THEN he went to Delhi. The monsoon weather had just begun and the city was often flooded by pouring rains which seemed to revive the hordes of refugees lying along the sidewalks, exhausted by hunger. It was difficult to reconcile their plight with the relatively pleasant life of the hundreds of cows—the sacred animals—which walk freely in the main streets of Delhi.

The first contact of the Commission with the Prime Minister of India, Pandit Nehru, was limited to a strictly social conversation. Nehru seldom raised his eyes to look at us directly and avoided mentioning the name of Kashmir, speaking instead about the eight cultures of Delhi and recommending various interesting sight-seeing trips. When we later began to talk about our purpose, he expressed himself with determination about Kashmir and offered us only conditional cooperation.

I was invited to Nehru's home several times. Once, at a private dinner, I tried to convince him that India, under his inspiring leadership, should offer the whole world an example by making reasonable concessions to Pakistan. He reacted vehemently by jumping on the chair and starting to preach, "You seem not to understand our position and our rights. We are a secular state which is not based on religion and gives everybody freedom of conscience. Pakistan is a medieval state with an impossible theocratic conception. It should never have been created, and it would never have happened had the British not stood behind this foolish idea of Jinnah."

The Secretary-General of the Indian Ministry of Foreign Affairs, Sir Girja Shankar Bajpai, warned the Commission officially that "the sands of time are running short; if the problem is not resolved by reason the sword will find the solution."

The negotiations proceeded slowly while, daily, people were being killed on the battle fronts in Kashmir. The Indian government did not want us to go to Kashmir before some decisions had been reached. So we negotiated about Kashmir, without the Kashmir representatives, outside its borders, with the two governments—India and Pakistan—disputing the allegiance of the Kashmiris.

Finally the Commission voted in favor of a resolution recommending to both governments a progressive withdrawal of troops from Kashmir while the way was prepared for a plebiscite. It was on August 13 and the day was Friday. In vain, the superstitious delegate from Argentina pleaded to postpone the vote for twenty-four hours.

Then started the diplomatic struggle to get the two governments to accept the resolution. It was accepted by India, but Pakistan attached to her acceptance several conditions, all disclosing a deep mistrust of Indian intentions. Only then were we allowed to fly to Srinagar, the capital of Kashmir. We lived in one of the Maharadja's guest houses and were entertained by Sheik Abdullah in the fabulous Maharadja's palace and gardens. One had a feeling of unreality living amidst the luxurious pompousness of the Maharadja's riches in this beautiful place situated on a big lake almost at the foot of the snow-covered Himalayas.

The people of Srinagar would secretly come to see us or start to talk to us in shops; they beseeched us—often in tears—to liberate them from the Indian rule. On one occasion I was in Baramula, a town thirty-five miles from Srinagar. Half the town was in ruins. We went from one place to another, jumping over piles of bricks and stones, followed by thousands of the local people, and surrounded by the Indian police. Someone made a speech claiming that all Kashmiris want to live in India. Most of the people, looking like half-dead wrecks, listened with apathy. Here and there one could hear a slogan shouted: *"Long live India, long live the Hindus and Moslems in a united India!"* I had lived long enough in a totalitarian country (Yugoslavia) to recognize the feigned spontaneity of such demonstrations.

Suddenly a young man stepped out of the crowd shouting in English: "We want to join Pakistan." The police dealt with him quickly. The Commission asked the local authorities to release him and bring him to the Mayor's house. A few minutes later the Mayor announced that the man was waiting for us. When he appeared we saw that he was someone other than the youngster whom we had seen a little while before. We told the Mayor that this was not the same man, to which he replied that it *was* the same man. However, the man said: "Yes, I am somebody else. My friend is in prison, but it does not matter; I can also tell you that we want to join Pakistan."

On the other hand, we were present at a Moslem service in an old mosque when Sheik Abdullah preached to several thousand Kashmiris; they listened to him, with faith and devotion. The Kashmir Prime Minister in conversations with individual members of the Commission revealed

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his own uncertainty as to what solution would be in the best interest of Kashmir. Of one thing he was certain—he disliked intensely the idea of negotiations between Karachi and Delhi over the fate of Kashmir without his direct participation.

Later the Commission continued its deliberations in Paris during the last three months of 1948. Freed from internal political pressures, the representatives of India and Pakistan were more inclined to meet each other halfway. They finally accepted an elaborate resolution which stated in detail various stages for the withdrawal of their armies from Kashmir and prepared the ground for an impartial, free and unfettered plebiscite. The fighting in Kashmir stopped at midnight on January 1, 1949; and as Chairman of the Commission I was privileged to report the successful fulfillment of the first part of our task to the Security Council.

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SINCE then, however, no progress has been made. The Commission returned to the Subcontinent but failed to implement the terms of the resolution because India refused to interpret its wording as it had been previously endorsed. The mission of Sir Owen Dixon met the same fate, and Dr. Frank Graham was exposed to a similar experience. Admiral Chester Nimitz, who was appointed Plebiscite Administrator at the beginning of 1949, is still waiting to see the situation in Kashmir sufficiently cleared to pave the way for a plebiscite. Everything indicates that he will have to wait indefinitely. India has rejected in advance the last move of the Security Council which recommended that the question of the withdrawal of troops be handed over to an arbitration committee, should the mediation of Frank Graham fail. So once more the baby is back in the lap of the Security Council.

Meanwhile the atmosphere on the Subcontinent is grim. Nehru refuses to accept the policy of the United Nations, and Indian armies are on the Pakistan border. Pakistan extremists threaten India with a holy war, and from Algiers to Indonesia the feelings of the Moslem world have been aroused. A war may start against the leaders' will, ignited by passions and hatreds which have always been the worst counselors in human relations. Should the worst happen, the four hundred million inhabitants of the Indian Subcontinent would be exposed to a religious struggle, the devastating consequence of which may surpass anything history has witnessed in human suffering.

The Kashmir problem is dynamite, and the Western World should be vitally interested in its peaceful solution. Kashmir's strategic importance is obvious; it lies on the road to both India and Pakistan. All invaders in ancient and modern history (with the exception of Japan) have descended on the vast territory of the Subcontinent through the passes running from the northwest to the south. Kashmir now lives under the double shadow of Communist China and Tibet. Russia is separated from it by a stretch of twenty miles of Afghanistan territory.

The Soviet Union has been watching the development carefully. In the Security Council it abstained from voting whenever the Kashmir dispute was on the agenda. It does not wish to estrange the Moslem countries, some of which have caused considerable trouble for the Western World, much to Russian satisfaction. Nor does it want to make any move against India and weaken Pandit Nehru's strange policy of neutrality in the East-West struggle.

Russia is interested in the prolongation of the Kashmir dispute and in the continuation of strained relations between Pakistan and India. She is confident that there is enough explosive material on the Subcontinent to keep the anti-Communist forces worried, busy and weakened without having to commit herself directly.

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THE time seems to be ripe for taking the Kashmir case out of the realm of Chapter VI of the United Nations Charter, which is limited to conciliation, mediation and arbitration, and to act under the provisions of Chapter VII which is concerned with threats to peace. For the Kashmir problem has demonstrated itself to be just that—a threat to the world's peace.

The death of Liaquat Ali Khan has only intensified the problem. The ablest statesmanship, the most delicate diplomacy, moderation and intelligent compromise—all of these will be required to settle the problem if violence is to be avoided. When Liaquat Ali Khan was killed in Rawalpindi, a reservoir of these qualities was destroyed—these, and one other quality which is all too infrequently found among those men who deal with problems as difficult and complex as exist today: I mean a sense of humor.

I remember one occasion when the members of the Commission were invited to his home at the seaside on the outskirts of Karachi. On all other such occasions only soft drinks had been served, but this time, before lunch, we were offered fine Scotch whiskey. To my surprise Liaquat Ali Khan joined us in a highball. At one moment he took me to a corner of the room and said, "You know, Mr. Korbel, our religion forbids us to drink alcohol; I know I am sinning. But I have worked all my life for the good of my people. I hope, when the day of judgment comes, God will weigh my good deeds against my sin of having a drink here and there, and that the balance will be in my favor. So let's drink to the future of Kashmir."

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First an Idea, Then a University

By FRANCIS E. McMAHON

NOT far from the center of Bogota, Colombia, and lying at the foot of the mountain which dominates the city, is the University of Los Andes. It is a unique institution in Latin America. Its uniqueness resides in the informing ideas and directing purposes animating it.

Los Andes is young—only three years old. The great fruits which the founders expect still lie in the future. Yet the seeds have been planted with care and foresight.

The central idea behind the institution may at first glance appear both extravagant and utopian. Is a single educational institution capable of altering profoundly the life, thought and action of an entire people? Can it significantly aid in solving the basic social and political problems of Colombia, and thereby function as a kind of intellectual "pilot plant" for the whole of Latin America?

What is *the* problem of Latin America? According to the men behind Los Andes, their country—and the vast region of which it is a part—suffer from the vice of political factionalism, an all-embracing and all-absorbing phenomenon which has engulfed both men and institutions.

Politics, in the partisan sense, is the dominant principle of social life. It has absorbed education through its suffocating embrace. It has harnessed the press in a damaging and even fatal manner. Religion itself has not been altogether free from its tentacles. There has been no phase of social life unaffected by the disintegrating spirit of this peculiar type of political totalitarianism.

Not only, as a consequence, have the energies and talents of individuals been drained through the unproductive channels of factionalism; but also, and inevitably, the country as a whole has suffered. The instability, the lack of progress, the civil disorders—all these characteristics of so much of Latin America are in great part the product of this unhealthy political climate.

What is obviously needed, say the founders of Los Andes, is an entirely new mentality, a new attitude towards political life, a new viewpoint towards social institutions generally. And there is but one way to achieve this objective: through education. An elite must be trained in an institution completely free from the entanglements of politics, and dedicated exclusively to the pursuit of knowledge and the formation of a new leadership.

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Los Andes is such an institution. It was founded by a small group of young and wealthy Colombians. They took over the property of a former girls' academy. On the seven-acre campus they set up classrooms and laboratories. A small chapel is adjacent to the library. An athletic field is centered in the miniature park.

The curriculum combines technical training with the Humanities. Courses are offered in Civil and Electrical Engineering, Architecture, Statistics and other technical fields. There is recognition here of the pressing need in Latin America for technicians. The highest standards are maintained.

In frank acknowledgment that Los Andes is not yet ready to offer full courses in most of these fields, arrangements have been made in the United States whereby students can complete their work. After five semesters at Los Andes the student may enter the University of Illinois with the status of a junior. Economic help is available for this study abroad through a special fund set up by a wealthy American benefactress who became interested in Los Andes. Thirteen engineering students are already at Illinois.

General education courses, required of every student at Los Andes, conform to the pattern of the College of Columbia University. The classics of the Western World are surveyed. There is a course in Western social and economic institutions conducted in English.

The students are chosen strictly on the basis of merit. Scholarships are available for the needy and promising. Acceptance is determined by a combination of factors: the student's achievement in preparatory school, recommendations, written examinations, and the candidate's own reasons for choosing Los Andes. Most of the students at present belong to the middle class. They number approximately two hundred.

The faculty is drawn from many parts of the world. It numbers over fifty, with seventy per cent of the teaching load in the hands of full-time professors. An immediate objective is to have an entirely full-time staff, except for visiting lecturers. A part-time faculty, traditionally found in many Latin American universities, is frowned upon.

The Advisory Board of the University is of impressive character. All are American scholars. They include: Dr. Albert Einstein and Dr. John von Neumann, both of the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton; Dr. Dietrich von Hildebrand of Fordham; Dr. Mark Van Doren of Columbia; Thornton Wilder of Harvard; Dr. Ernest Nagel of Columbia; Dr. Solomon Lefschetz of Princeton; and several others. Many of these men have already lectured or conducted seminars at Los Andes.

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THE leaders of Colombia, both of Church and of State, have welcomed the Los Andes experiment. There is evidently a widespread feeling that Colombia and Latin America need this fresh approach to perennial problems, and that Los Andes, in blazing these new trails, is helping to solve them.

It is apparently, also, a feeling shared by many of the

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wealthy ruling class of Colombia. The Jockey Club of Bogota, most prominent of the country's social organizations, recently donated a sixty-acre tract for a new campus on the outskirts of the city. Already Los Andes has inspired among many of this group a sense of their responsibilities for the education of an elite drawn from all sectors of society.

The founders envision, in the not-too-distant future, the establishment of an Institute of Social Studies. Such an institute would concentrate upon the analysis of social and political institutions, in relation, particularly, to Latin America. To it would be invited scholars from everywhere for conferences and seminars. Out of such exchanges would come further stimulus and enlightenment in grappling with Latin American problems.

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SO FAR, I have spoken rather vaguely of the "founders" of Los Andes. Behind the movement, however, lies one personality. Mario Laserna is a young man who is authentically modest. He would prefer that credit be given to his fellow young Colombians who helped him launch the University. Unquestionably, however, his was the intellectual vision and force responsible for the beginnings. Currently, as Dean of Studies, he is active as his dream takes concrete form.

When I dropped down to Princeton the other day, to have a talk with Sr. Laserna, I was greeted at the door of a private residence by a young man with a crew-cut. He looked to be a few years younger than Truman Capote. His charming young wife was by his side, and a baby was toddling about the floor. He was here with his family on one of his visits to this country.

After an exchange of pleasantries at the luncheon table in Spanish and English, we plunged into the business of the day. His English, incidentally, is well-nigh perfect. "What first gave you the idea for Los Andes?" I asked.

"It was the character of such institutions as Columbia and Oxford," he replied. "When I was a student at these schools, I asked myself what accounts for their stability and influence? Why are they untouched by political changes? Why are they immune to the attacks of individuals and cliques? The answer became clear: they were autonomous institutions, independent of the strife of factionalism. They were above politics and the politicians. Unlike our Latin American universities, they were not suffocated by the political atmosphere. If we could transplant the spirit, techniques and ideals of such institutions to our own lands a beginning could be made in lifting Latin America from the morass in which it finds itself."

He does not believe a new political party or another newspaper would help matters much down there. "One wouldn't get at the root of the trouble in that way," he said. "The political party can come later, after the new mentality is formed. It would likewise be an error to found a newspaper until you have formed men to edit it and a public to read it. Otherwise you run the danger of exposing your party to corruption in the current political milieu, and likewise your newspaper."

Obviously, he is not satisfied with the state of democracy in Latin America. "To have democracy it is not sufficient to know its definition, to desire it, and to include its name in some legal statutes. One must first form those conditions and institutions which allow democratic attitudes, energies and ideals to express themselves effectively. General Eisenhower once told me: 'Democracy is the outcome or end product of a process in which no force or group can run the whole show.'"

He is quite deliberate about focusing his attention upon the formation of a new elite. "The main objective of the others and myself in setting up Los Andes is to improve the lot of everybody in my country. But it is far better, we believe, to turn out annually a group of potential leaders in Colombia than to concentrate all one's energies upon improving the condition of 10,000 Colombians, while being forced to ignore the rest."

He emphasized the principal characteristic of Los Andes: the union of the Humanities with modern technical science, infused with the spirit of man's obligations to his Creator and to his fellow-men.

And where does Philosophy fit into the curriculum? As a Thomist, I was naturally curious. My own experience as professor of the Humanities at the University of Chicago persuaded me that something more than a survey of the Western classics is necessary if students are going to achieve a coherent philosophy of life.

He conceded the point. Nevertheless, the situation, he said, is somewhat different in Colombia. "The students are Catholic. The social atmosphere, in a traditional sense, is Catholic. The curriculum will, however, embrace philosophical disciplines when it is perfected."

I suggested that, given its character as a technical institution, Los Andes might first introduce a course in the Philosophy of Science. Through this study the student might be led into the other vast and rich regions of Philosophy.

Building a university, and through it attempting to change Latin American life, was not the initial ambition of Mario Laserna. Before he entered Columbia College, from which he obtained the bachelor's degree, he was interested in bullfighting and had planned to become a bullfighter. He lectured on the subject to students at Oxford and at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

He has taken on a more formidable and more difficult foe in founding Los Andes. His enemy is the instability and unproductivity of a country and a continent. He and his friends have accepted the challenge.

COMING
December 7
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SO THEY TELL ME

The Elections in England

IT MIGHT be well to point out that one of the results of the British elections is the demonstration of the fact that Socialism can submit itself to the democratic process and abide the results. Stating this ought not to be required; but there are those among us, driven by spiteful and pedantic prejudice, who need to be reminded of it. Some of the marks and attributes of democracy are the continuing fact that the people can choose their governors from among contesting parties, and that those in power, being defeated in the contest, yield up their power in accordance with the contract. This the Attlee government has done. Socialism has proved that it can be consonant with liberty, that the often prophesied police state is not its natural and inevitable consequence, that it is obedient to freedom and to justice. To put it differently, the British elections have proved that it is as possible to be doctrinaire in one's objection to Socialism as it is possible to be doctrinaire in its approval. It is, therefore, pitiful to note the observation that an embarrassed Britain will receive an eager support from Americans who gave it most reluctantly to a Britain Clement Attlee governed.

It is idle to wonder what the Churchill government would have done had it retained power in 1945, but it is not idle to note that the Attlee government has brought to the British people much more than the application of a doctrine. It has lifted them from weariness, given to them a sense of expectancy, the sense of adventure which experiment brings, some sense of fulfillment, a feeling, no matter how enduring, of moral refreshment. To a people wearied to the center of its carnal bones, the Attlee government has done these things. It has been argued that the Labor Government did not deeply wish to be retained in power, that their leaders had grown tired, that the vision dimmed, the sense of adventure lessened, that there was made manifest a lesion in the quality of moral and physical vitality. Like the exhausted, lost man in St. Exupery's *Wind, Sand and Stars,* it has been said, the Labor Party leaders were merely taking one fatigued step after another.

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IT IS possible and even likely that this was true, and that of its truth the position and conduct of Aneurin Bevan was a reflection. Even when one has admitted the sliver of truth which inheres in Mr. Bevan's attack on the United States, the attack itself as well as its vehement and reckless character seems to have been one selected answer to the necessity for finding a scapegoat. Mr. Bevan was trying to find a way for escaping from disenchantment. Given its tiredness, the accumulation of difficulties which it had inherited, Britain's fall from a hardly remembered greatness, the bleak character of her economy in an increasingly inflationary world, social revolution spreading and exciting itself into disorderly tyranny in Iran and Egypt, it is small wonder if the Labor Party engaged in merely formal contest. New access of energy could come only if the burdens were lifted. Being in opposition would mean, as indeed it now does, that the weight of the load had been shifted to more eager shoulders.

These two main propositions are not inconsistent. The second thesis does not account for the first. It cannot, that is to say, be argued that men yielded power because they were tired. Weary they were and needed rest. But they yielded power because they were defeated, and believe in democracy. Herbert Morrison was right when he said that the British had socialized Christianity, and Christianized socialism.

Moreover, the Labor Party knew that it had built into the structure of British life much that would remain intact. Churchill had promised not to touch it, and his promise was made more meaningful by the fact the younger, more elastic minds of the Conservative party believed in much of what had been done, and of the necessity for doing it. The Labor Party had not only reformed a system; it had converted, if in varying measure, many of its political enemies. It had not won them to Socialism, it had won them to the essential features of the welfare state. It had converted the middle class. It had, indeed, made a revolution by consent. That some of the middle class and some of the women were irked by the drab, prolonged austerity of life is clear. For some of them their votes were a form of complaint against the half-sombre quality of their lives. Iran and Egypt might have adversely affected them.

But that the welfare state is an accepted part of British life is manifest. Attlee and company had left an impress on the island's life which would remain. When, therefore, our Joe Martin with unimaginative and monotonous repetition sees in the British elections proof that the British people had had enough of Socialism, he betrays a looseness of thinking we have come to expect from him. British conservatism bears the same relationship to Taft-Martin Republicanism that Matisse bears to the drawing of a witless child. Manchester liberalism has not triumphed in England: it was never involved in the contest. It has its antique friends only in the United States.

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IN ONE of the many CBS pre-election broadcasts from Britain which I heard, one lady told the American radio-correspondent that even in the dirtiest of streets, in the dreariest of slums, "you do not see a sick child." The way in which the British health program was being administered, the charge for teeth and for eye-glasses—these things were debated and discussed. But there was no talk anywhere of abolishing the program. That is

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accepted by Conservatives and Laborites alike, as men would stipulate the existence of rain.

I want here to pay tribute to the Columbia Broadcasting System. Under the guidance of Howard K. Smith in London, the radio reporting of the British election campaign was characterized by fairness, ingenuity, and imagination. To our rooms, CBS reporters brought the campaigning voices of Churchill, Bevan, Attlee, Morrison, the lesser known candidates, the voices of British people of varying political affiliations from mine pitheads, from the streets, from union halls, from stores, from homes, from pubs. They made, for me at any rate, the election campaign a lively and exciting thing, giving to it its own drama and native quality. They brought it to us, on tape-recording, free from animus or bias, free from any fraudulent frenzy or false decoration. They brought it simply and calmly, letting it define for us its own quality and character, letting it speak for itself in its many native voices, colored only by the vigor of many accents different from our own. Nowhere have I seen acknowledged the genuinely extraordinary character of this essay in political education. I here acknowledge it. Radio has as many faults as there are bees in a hive, but Columbia's reporting of that campaign cannot be numbered among them.

When all this, however, has been said, it can hardly be maintained that the British elections were decisive. What the CBS broadcasts made strikingly clear, manifested itself in the polling booths. England has become startlingly stratified. Save for the odd twelve per cent of independent voters, England has proved itself to be a highly class-conscious nation. The Communist Party, the Liberal Party, the independent parties have been crushed out. Politically, England, what Churchill is fond of calling "our island home," is organized into two opposing and class-conscious armies—the two nations of which Disraeli used to speak—and for the difficultly organized, the free, wandering and, hitherto, uncaught soul there is no place to wander anymore. Freedom for independent, organized complaint has been restricted at last. At the moment, in any event, one recalls—with slight change—W. S. Gilbert: every little boy or girl who's born into this world alive, is either a little Laborite, or else a little Conservative.

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THAT odd twelve per cent who stubbornly persist in remaining permanently unaffiliated and unattached may still continue to decide British elections. But if the present elections are any indication of future political conduct, they can no longer be part of any illusioned third force, mythical or real. Nor do they any longer decide issues: despite the meretricious exuberance of Joe Martin, this election decided no issues. None were offered to the British electorate. Apart from the fact that the vigorous have taken the place of the weary, that England may be said to have been given some degree of moral refreshment, one is almost driven to say with Southey's Kaspar:

> But what they fought each other for I could not well make out.

But once you have said it, you might be compelled immediately to say that so great is the budget of England's burdens there cannot be any debate about the need to bear them; nor too much debate about the manner in which they must be borne. No matter the issue of her political contests, England is greatly dependent upon us.

But the Labor Party has settled for all stable time the question of the obligations of the State to human welfare. The Conservatives have accepted and approved them. Both, therefore, in a sense, have contributed and approved them. Both, therefore, in a sense, have contributed to what Arnold Toynbee has called "the outstanding feature of our twentieth century." Speaking of our successors, he has guessed that for them "the common features of our century will, I fancy, be the features standing out the most prominently in perspective; and, among these, the new ideal and objective of extending the benefits of civilization to the common man will in future centuries tower above the rest."

FRANCIS DOWNING.

The Stage

BAREFOOT IN ATHENS

MAXWELL ANDERSON is the kind of man who keeps the theatre going. He has a play for us nearly every year, and his average of successful tries is remarkably high. He is also an ambitious man, not so much for himself as for the theatre. He is given to describing the theatre as 'the temple of democracy,' imputing to it both religious and political values, and it is here, I think, that he overstrains both himself and his medium. By usurping the function of two other instruments, he stands in constant danger of diffusing and even destroying the one he is really competent to deal with. The theatre may be many things to many men, but it is not really all of them rolled into one like a gigantic vitamin pill. The dream of turning drama into that absolute and universal social form which will provide man with everything he needs and desires is a daydream; its results are as spurious as those of any other shortcut to utopia. Neither "Knickerbocker Holiday" nor "Joan of Lorraine" could stand the heavy burden of extra-curricular activity which Mr. Anderson imposed on them, and "Barefoot in Athens" cracks under the same load.

Socrates is Mr. Anderson's current hero, and the danger of silencing criticism in a democracy is his current concern. But he has become so much concerned with the integrity and freedom of the rational man that he has forgotten to write a play about him. He puts the

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Athenian into a series of picture-postcard tableaux, permits him to speak softly to a variety of ideological opponents, and then condemns him to death. But nowhere has he given him a clear, clean struggle with a single forcible enemy, a consistent point of view, or a doubt within himself. Mr. Anderson's Socrates does not struggle at all. He simply talks. He talks calmly, confidently, and not very interestingly, and along about ten forty-five he is suddenly astonished to discover that he has talked too much. If the author had really wanted to *dramatize* his man and his situation he would, I suppose, have placed him in the kind of situation which does actually exist at the present time: that in which an honest man fears to speak because reprisals are threatened, undergoes a profound moral struggle, speaks, and takes his medicine. This might have made a possible play, though the Socratic parallel would then have been much more forced. But Mr. Anderson has not put himself to this or any other kind of dramatic labor . He has assumed that we will accept his notion of the theatre as an arena for discursive ratiocination on the subject of democracy, and his play simply wilts on the stage.

I doubt that Socrates was a happy choice of subject in any case. We haven't, actually, any very clear notion of what the man stood for. This means that Mr. Anderson has had to invent an attitude, a tone, even a creed for his character—a process which robs the historical parallelism of its validity, and at the same time puts the author under the monstrous necessity of speaking as brilliantly as legend tells us that Socrates did. Mr. Anderson has often been witty, and he has often built scenes of shrewd emotional power, but he has never, to my knowledge, been regarded as a philosopher of Socratic stature, and I cannot think why he let himself walk into this obvious trap.

The production is dull, to boot. Alan Anderson has directed with no eye at all, and with a decidedly erratic ear. Barry Jones reads Socrates in throw-away fashion, while around him a great deal of orating goes on. And the stage pictures are sadly cluttered. (*At the Martin Beck*)

THE NUMBER

GEORGE ABBOTT has paced this Arthur Carter melodrama so neatly that there are times when you are almost confused about its merits. Though the play is an unwieldy mating of magazine sentiment and movie roughhouse, the stage direction makes the transitions between these things so fluid as to be almost imperceptible, and it takes a little time for an audience to be absolutely sure that it is confronted with nothing more than an idle bit of claptrap.

Melodrama doesn't gain stature by the acquisition of domestic hokum. The fact that a girl who is involved in the numbers racket has a worried mother and a weeping child does not so much lend body to the proceedings as take all the bite out of them. This kind of suspense stuff thrives on hardness of heart and agility of mind—John Huston's "Asphalt Jungle" may well stand as a model from now on—and the only fun that is to be got from it is hard-boiled fun. Nor does melodrama gain plausibility through contact with the kitchen stove. The best melodrama is always faintly fantastic; it creates a special kind of hard-driving, demoralized world which is in some ways unfamiliar to us, and thereby fascinating. "The Number" hangs around home too much, and finally disappears in a quicksand of soap-opera heroics.

Ralph Alswang has designed a very tricky and certainly efficient unit setting whereby the headquarters of a gambling operation can be transformed into the Berger kitchen in the twinkling of an eye. But this, too, has its disadvantages. Each background is necessarily simplified, created with a minimum of detail. But melodrama—to indulge still another generalization—lives on detail. Its root implausibility, its artificially stepped-up excitement, calls for absolute authenticity everywhere else. The plot may be outlandish, but the detail must be precise. This compensation isn't forthcoming in the present production, and the goings-on tend to rattle around in what seems to be a series of echo chambers. The numbers headquarters, in fact, bears a striking resemblance to Mammoth Cave, Kentucky. Not all of this is Mr. Alswang's fault: he has had to bunch five sets into a limited area, within a reasonable financial expenditure, and with some hope of getting them changed quickly. But the style is unlucky for the play.

Dane Clark is properly surly, and sometimes very adroit, in the role of a small operator trying to make an illegitimate living. Martha Scott, as the girl who is taken in by him, is better suited to the kitchen detail than to the more robust shenanigans. Murvyn Vye is wonderful as the boss racketeer. But the plain, unpalatable truth of the matter is that the movies do this particular kind of thing much better. (*At the Biltmore*)

WALTER KERR.

The Screen

THE MART OF THE HATTER

MARITAL infidelity is not often the main theme of movies. There have been screen translations of great novels like *Madame Bovary* and *Anne Karenina;* and I suppose this subject could be considered the principal matter in the current Biblical extravaganza *David and Bathsheba* which also manages to weave into the plot a few comments from a religious point of view on this theme. But I can think of no modern films that approached the subject of marital infidelity with the same sincere religious understanding that Graham Greene has shown in his last two novels. (*The Heart of the Matter* is now being considered for cinema.) In its way the ill-fated *Stromboli* tried, and in its way it failed. One of the most successful movies of recent years, *Brief Encounter,* handled this material intelligently and with taste. And now the English try again—with a handsomely made film, the central character of which is a cuckold.

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Actually *"The Browning Version"* covers other subjects than the infidelity of the wife of the classics teacher Andrew Crocker-Harris. Effectively photographed at an English boys' school, the film shows classes in action, sports and some of the social life; but one has a feeling, due principally to Anthony Asquith's extraordinarily slow direction, that many of these scenes are padding for the picture's main business: to study a defeated man, find out how he got that way and what he's going to do about it. Some of these slow-moving early scenes manage to reflect what other people think of Mr. Crocker-Harris; the faculty, especially the headmaster, effectively played by Wilfred Hyde-White, regard him with scorn, and the boys, seeing him as a bitter, dried-up martinet, call him without affection "The Crock." As the film progresses we realize that his wife henpecks her husband and treats him with a contempt that approaches hatred. Unsatisfied in her own marriage, she has long ago turned to a lover (a science teacher, played by Nigel Patrick) who has now grown tired of her petty jealousies and has begun to feel a certain sympathy toward "The Crock."

But it is not until the film has run half its course that we begin to feel any warmth toward this man who rules his classes so dogmatically, teaches Aeschylus' *Agamemnon* as if it were a lot of Greek words strung together, and allows his spiteful wife to bully him. Michael Redgrave plays Crocker-Harris in the thin, dried manner of a man who has lost his spirit and is ill in body. During the few days covered by this picture, Crocker-Harris is preparing to retire (to take a lesser position elsewhere) but it soon becomes obvious that this is no sentimental "Goodbye, Mr. Chips." When the worm turns, he is helped by two people: atlhough he realizes his wife is greatly responsible for making him the beaten man he is, he also realizes he is partly to blame for having married this woman; but finally it is his wife's lover who persuades him to give this shrew the gate. And it is one of his students (expertly played by Brian Smith) who helps the teacher restore his faith in himself. Redgrave swings into fine style in the closing scenes, and while events and changes take place a little too fast, "The Browning Version" gets downright exciting toward the end.

Cinematically this movie isn't too successful. It is static, and Terence Rattigan, who wrote the script from his own two-act play, made some of the padding too obvious and left some of the scenes as they were on the stage. Furthermore, Jean Kent plays the wife with such a vehement viciousness that the role almost becomes a hiss-the-villain parody. But as a study in manners (the superficial smooth exterior that people use to cover their real selves) and especially as a study of a man who's been half-dead for years and finally decides to do something about himself, "The Browning Version" is definitely worth your attention. The final scenes will even give your emotions a work-out.

★

IT IS interesting that a new American film about another man who is a martinet turns up at this same time. It is also interesting that this Hollywood movie, which is based on Sidney Kingsley's play, *"Detective Story,"* has some of the same faults of "The Browning Version"—static at times, talky and more theatrical in technique than cinematic. Since Producer-director William Wyler used several of the actors from the stage version and strove so hard to preserve Kingsley's slice-of-life method of showing what went on in a New York Precinct Police Station, the total effect of the movie is a curious arty mixture of caricature and realism. Lee Grant as the pathetic shoplifter, Joseph Wiseman and Michael Strong as a couple of burglars, and several others from the stage will win laughs for their performances, but their overacting detracts from Wyler's intentions to make you take this movie seriously.

The main theme of "Detective Story" is indeed serious, as it concerns a dogmatic, live-by-the-rule detective (skillfully played by Kirk Douglas) who has no understanding of human values. He seems to see all men as potential criminals, and he hounds a first-time offender almost as severely as he pursues a discredited doctor whom he hopes to get sent up for performing illegal operations. The detective is almost psychopathic in his lack of understanding of people's motives and in his hatred for lawbreakers. So when he discovers his own wife (Eleanor Parker is excellent in this difficult role) whom he loves very much, had had an affair many years ago and went to this same doctor for an illegal operation, the detective is caught in his own trap. The script tries, through some explanation of the detective's boyhood, to account for his uncompromising attitude toward life (father complex and stuff) but since this is a movie and not a stage play, there is no reason why we could not have got more about this man's past, and why the action had to be limited as it is in space and time. The death scene at the end is theatrically effective, but there is nothing in the previous motivation that leads up to the sudden, though welcome, Act of Contrition. "Detective Story" will hold your interest as a *tour de force,* but it is not the outstanding human drama or realistic slice-of-life it could have been.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Of Note

Directives for a Debate

THE following is excerpted from an open letter written to the people of his diocese by the Episcopal bishop of Michigan, the Rt. Rev. Richard S. Emrich.

> As we pass through the inevitable stresses and strains of political life it is important that we maintain a great national unity. Whenever, therefore, we begin a national debate upon a controversial issue such as whether an ambassador should be sent by our country to the Vatican, we should remember that our unity as a people is both a precious and precarious thing. We should not avoid debate but carry it on in a mature fashion, respecting those with whom we disagree. Argument does not neces-

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sarily divide: only anger, unfairness and unkindness separate us from one another.

Americans should remember that, whatever their sincere differences may be, they share a common religious and moral heritage which in these dark days should drive us together and not apart. If we are kind, avoid careless words and maintain a careful regard for the truth, there is no reason why in mature debate our unity should not be deepened. We should also remember that at the gate of heaven St. Peter will not be concerned with our attitude toward an ambassador to the Vatican; he will ask us rather whether on earth we loved and were peace-makers.

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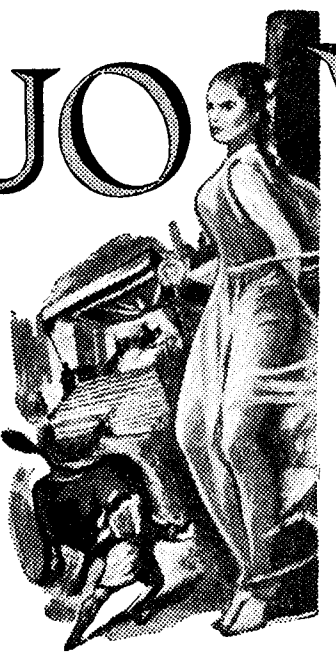

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To Be a Child Again

Many Americans might want to return to their childhood, but the French would answer a flat no.

By CLAIRE HUCHET BISHOP

WOULD you like to be a child again? It depends perhaps on whether you are American or French. Given parents with approximately the same capacity for love and the same financial standing, is there any fundamental reason why one might care to be an American child over again and not a French child, or vice versa? I don't think the choice would necessarily depend on the political state of the country at the time of childhood. A war, victory or defeat, an invasion, an occupation, widespread unemployment, any of these things might affect the answer. But, except in extreme cases of physical or mental destitution I do not think they would govern it completely. If you ask any Frenchman whose family was fairly well-to-do and did not suffer more than others from national calamities, whether or not he would care to go back to childhood, very likely his first reaction will be defensive: "My parents were *very* good to me." Then: "But indeed, no! I would *not* care to be a child again."

A striking illustration of the American nostalgia for childhood is provided by the clubs formed by men who collectively revert to childhood whenever they feel free to relax, be they Rotarians or American Legionnaires. The groups of mature American women who address each other as "girls" offer another. Apparently these men and women cherish a very happy memory of childhood. They enjoy trying to recapture it.

What kind of a childhood has the French person experienced who does not relish going back to it either in thought or deed?

To some, coming from the United States, the pattern of French family life may be quite amusing. But the French-born person will not share the amusement; he may be annoyed by it. When I see the pattern acted out, I feel it right in my bones, I live my childhood over again, the whole atmosphere, the physical and mental state, the nightmarish passing of the days, and I want to cry: No, no! Never again! Yet I was loved, very very much.

My French friends claim: "It is not the way it was before. Children are allowed so much freedom now. Everything has changed." But when I step in the streets, in workers' quarters or wealthy sections of Paris, Lyon, Bordeaux or Poitiers, or even in the country, I still see boys and girls, from toddlers to twelve-year-olds and even older, slip their hand into that of *maman or papa,* or hold onto them by their clothes when there are several children, or hang onto their arms if they are tall enough. On Sundays, in the streets, the whole family moves down the sidewalk slowly, like a compact unit, occasionally broken by another compact unit coming the other way. A fine and already manly looking twelve-year-old boy takes the arm of his father or mother. Why should he be embarrassed? Coming toward him is another manly looking twelve-year-old doing exactly the same thing. That is the way it goes.

★

IT WAS twenty years since I had spent a summer in France, and, as far as children were concerned, vacation time seemed astonishingly similar to what it was during my childhood. Of course, I know there are now some children's camps; there are girl scouts and boy scouts, and a certain development in what is called progressive education. But relatively few people follow these trends. It may also have been expected that paid vacations for workers and the multiplication of bicycles and motorcycles would tend to alter the pattern. Not at all. The only difference is that now it is not only the whole family of the well-to-do which takes to the road, but the whole family of the wage earner too. That is, the habit of spending one's yearly vacation in the family and with the family has been multiplied while moving about has been made easier. This last improvement has been the result of the storied imagination and resourcefulness of the French. It is nothing to pack a whole family in a Ford. It is quite a feat to do it on a two-wheel contraption. But that is what is being done: father, mother, one child, and one or two babies. In order to keep the whole family together what the French can invent is surprising, to say the least! Sometimes, the father's business truck does the trick: just half a dozen kitchen chairs under the canvas, a truly motorized "covered wagon."

Why not? Don't American families get out on Sundays in their car? Of course, but often, especially during vacation time, the children are not all there, and frequently a friend joins or another whole family takes to the road for the same outing. Picnic grounds in America, where tables await the crowd, are covered with *groups* of people. Moreover this is so practically without interruption, from noon to 8 p.m. This is important to mention because it adds one more contrast to family gatherings in France and the United States.

In France, wherever you drive, you become distinctly

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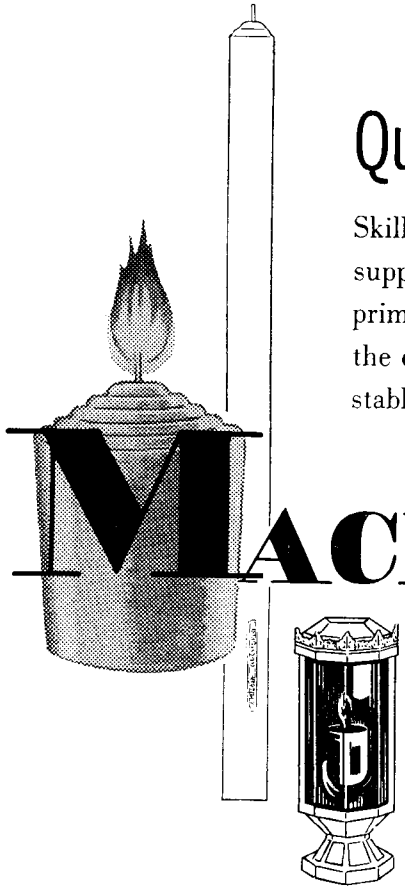
conscious of a let-up, a hush all over the country between 12 and 2. Traffic is practically stopped. Cars, trucks, bicycles, motorcycles are parked on the side of the road while French families eat. Between 12 and 2. Not sooner. Not later. At that time. They eat. It is a rite. And they eat as one accomplishes a ritual. Sometimes a kitchen table has been brought out of the truck, the chairs set around on the grassy side of the road. On the table cloth, the loaf of crusty bread, cooked dishes and a bottle of wine . Imagine this elaborate preparation, say, on the shoulder of the Boston-New York road! Other times, the table cloth is spread directly on the ground and everybody sits around it on the grass, except grandmother—a folding canvas stool has been provided for her. Like a queen she dominates the whole family circle. The whole family. All together. Alone. Entirely by themselves. A very special, closed circle which, of course, cannot possibly be like the other very special closed circle eating a hundred yards away. A circle where relationships are tightly woven together and rest on a traditional heritage which is not merely a useful background or springboard to the adventure of living, but food to chew and digest and assimilate and be made one with.

Often, watching American families, I have gotten the feeling that their members just happened to be together, that it made no great difference that the children were born in that particular family and that both parents and children might be interchangeable, so slight, supple and somewhat accidental does the link appear. But not so in France. Each family is a separate entity with a strong personality. Made up of individuals who themselves often have such original characters that they border on anarchy, the French family keeps everybody together in an outward and inner cohesion that not even death releases. The children look as if they belong to a particular family, so much so that it is impossible to think of them apart. The French family absorbs the newcomer. And the child has to absorb the family. This osmotic process does not take place without pain and strain on the child.

★

THE French family is an institution. That, I believe, is one of the reasons why French people do not care to go back to childhood. Nobody likes an institution, no matter how fine, except those who run it; in this case the French adults who, having themselves suffered from its constraint, hurry to impose it on their own children. It is not thoughtlessness, forgetfulness or sadism. It is not even attachment to certain rules or conventions. It is that, deep down, the French feel that this is the best preparation for adult life. And that is what childhood is for in the eyes of the French. It is not meant to be a time for having a rollicking, carefree time. The days of childhood are not the best years of our life. Childhood is meant for learning how to be an adult, and nobody with any sense will pretend that this process is entertaining. It is not a matter of learning how to get along with people; what is important is to do well what one has to



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do. Nor is it aimed at making the child become well adjusted; it may be excellent *not* to be well adjusted, nor to be popular. Nobody is a gold coin, therefore one has to expect not to be always liked.

Anyway, life is not learned by using formulas. Life is life, and that's enough. There is plenty indeed for the child to be gradually initiated into without pretending that it is going to be all roses or all thorns. In the French version of "Little Red Riding Hood," Little Red Riding Hood is eaten up, for good. And Blue Beard's wife is saved at the last second. That's life. There is no such a thing as the "pursuit of happiness" in the French child's setting. And, generally speaking, there is none in this adult life either. There is a tremendous enjoyment of things as they are in the status of adulthood. Whatever "good time" is to be gotten in life comes in adult years. Fun lies ahead, not behind. Whatever the hardships in later life they cannot be worse than those suffered as a child befogged in the midst of the uncontrollable and exacting adult world.

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MY particular work on my recent visit to France led me to read the confidences of many men and women regarding their childhood. The note of extreme tragedy dominates. All the more so because the sadness is based on what most Americans might think trivial. I have watched American children a good deal and for many years; they too know despair, of course, but not with the finality of the French child.

The American child feels always that, somehow, something may be done, somehow he may get what he wants. He is pretty sure of the impression he can make on the world around him, and, on the other hand, he feels the world around him is full of possibilities. He is right.

I remember a French boy whose father was killed in 1914 and whose mother sewed all day long in order to make a living for them both. The boy wanted a certain bicycle. He wanted it so badly that every night he went by the shop to look at the bicycle, and he got a catalogue and, for several years, he poured over that catalogue every night. His grandmother, who worked in a factory, told him to be patient and to work hard. If he succeeded in being admitted to high school, she would buy the bicycle for him; by that time she would have saved enough. He worked and he worked very hard, and he graduated, and he got a bicycle. Only it was a piece of junk. The grandmother could not afford anything else. All those years, this longing and waiting, without anything else to distract the mind (no mechanical toys, no roller skates, nothing). Then the truth staring him in the face: the piece of junk. The truth he had to swallow, to understand, to accept. To accept. And undoubtedly it was accepted without any outward sign of disappointment. Just as a little girl I knew did not say a word when she received a straight black-haired doll (the blonde, curly one was too expensive). The French children understood—that's life!

This is not intended to be a sob story, though, I believe, in one way or another, little tragedies dominate the childhood of most French people, except perhaps for a few very rich. Pity would be out of place and does not get anywhere. What is important here is to understand the situation. When we come to France, we come up against a people conditioned by a childhood which they are happy to put behind them. Many French people, in their adult life, could not possibly sink to the depth of despair they reached as children. They had their Gethsemane in their childhood. But, contrary to what one might think, these frustrated children turn out to be, as a whole, well balanced people.

However, it is evident that these people are bound to have an attitude toward life totally different from that of those who actually wish to prolong their childhood. The French are conservative in their maintenance of the family pattern while Americans are not, but the French cannot possibly wish, consciously or unconsciously, to preserve their own childhood. Paradise for them lies ahead.

Could this be one of the reasons why, now, most Americans are bent on preserving their way of life, whereas so many French people want to find a new one?

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The Voice of Asia. James A. Michener. Random House. $3.50.

DURING the Second World War it was an axiom of the Allied High Command that the great decisions of world politics would be made in Europe, while the problems of the Pacific would have only a secondary role. It is very doubtful whether this would hold true in a third world war. The Middle East is now the most crucial area of global strategy. The advance to the Persian Gulf, which the Kremlin aspires to, to be followed by the conquest of other Arabian countries, including the small land bridge to Africa, might lead to Communist world hegemony.

Furthermore, it would be erroneous to regard the wide spaces of South and East Asia as secondary in importance to the countries of Europe. The nations of Asia are maturing to self-determination at a rapid pace and the Pacific gains steadily in importance. The Soviet force of gravity has been increased at least as much by the Bolshevization of China as by the integration of Russia's western neighbors into the Communist orbit. The protection of the remaining parts of Asia against Soviet expansion is as vital as the defense of Western Europe. In a total war we cannot choose the areas to defend according to our preference; we have to be ready to protect our realm of influence at any potential strategic point.

Unfortunately this truism is not popular. The more so, since our Asiatic policy is a bone of contention between our two big parties. The indifference to Asiatic problems which prevails on our East Coast has been of great concern to many political experts. Now they have received effective assistance from a quarter from which they may have least expected it. James A. Michener, who wrote *Tales of the South Pacific* in 1947 and is best known for the musical play, "South Pacific," adapted from this book, has published a volume of some 300 pages which emphasizes the importance of Asia to the average American.

The experts on Asia may frown at this outsider whose knowledge of some Asiatic countries is founded on very sketchy impressions. But often an intelligent tourist sees basic facts more clearly than an expert who lives permanently among a foreign people. Mr. Michener has a great gift of observation; he blends general reflection with anecdotes and personal experiences in a very smooth way; he is not afraid of truisms, and he writes in a most popular style. His book may do more to influence the common man than ten learned books by profound experts.

The author hammers into his readers the fact that Asia is the foremost land mass in the world, that her population has increased by 181 millions in the last decade, and that Asia has now nine times as many people as the United States. He stresses the poverty and illiteracy of these nations

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and thinks that Asiatic states will remain, for the time being, oligarchies, whether proclaiming democratic or Communist slogans. Thus it seems to him that the most important task facing our propagandists is to win the Asiatic intelligentsia to our ways of life. He says, with good reason, that we will be more successful in doing so if the Asiatics remain rooted in their own world but familiar with our background, so that they may choose themselves what to adopt and what to reject.

The biographies of Asiatic Communist leaders which were recently published, underscore Mr. Michener's demand for greater activity in our propaganda to win the élite. Most of the present Asiatic tools of Moscow started as non-Communist nationalists and might have been won over to our side if they had been approached at an earlier date.

Michener is fully aware of the widespread resentment against the white man due to the sins of colonial imperialism. But he thinks that the United States has relatively the cleanest record and may yet overcome this psychological handicap. He stresses the fact that the sufferings inflicted upon the colonial populations by their overlords are only one side of the story and that many Asiatic nations owe gratitude to the Europeans for improvements in their physical and intellectual lives. He recalls, for instance, the influence British education had on Indian national leaders and how much the models of Western democracies shaped the new parliaments of Asia.

Michener's book is not free of oversimplification and of an easy American optimism as to the feasibility of our aim. But if the book is digested with a grain of salt, it will prove a useful patent medicine for convincing Americans that we need an active Asiatic policy. MAX FISCHER.

The Strange Children. Caroline Gordon. Scribners. $3.50.
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Middleton Murry, who blamed Keats for it, would doubtless accuse her of translating "soul-knowledge" into "mind-knowledge." According to him, this was the sin against the Holy Ghost, for a poet. If that is so, writers, one and all, spend all their working hours trying mighty hard to sin. And the best of them are very successful. Miss Gordon's novel of contemporary life on a Southern plantation is seen through the eyes of Lucy, the nine-year-old daughter of the house. It is artfully contrived, so that the lacunae—and some are pretty yawning gaps—in Lucy's awareness of the significance of what is said and done around her, are filled in by the reader, giving him or her a comfortable sense of superiority. The poor child, what a shame, the reader smugly sighs, unaware of the trap: for, odious as Lucy is—and of all American brats in fiction she is outnastied only by Carson McCullers' megalomaniac heroine in *The Member of the Wedding*—her elders are infinitely worse.

This is a leisurely novel, warm and sweet to the taste, like the ripe fruit of the golden persimmon. But the aftertaste is bitter. Lucy's drunken mother, her mean father, Uncle Tubby, and the successful writer, Kev Reardon, trotting off in mid-afternoon to make the Stations of the Cross, as well as his lovely mad wife, Isabel, who runs off with Uncle Tubby, are all addled: they drink, they talk, they amuse themselves watching the McDonaughs' holy rollering. Lucy herself steals a jewelled crucifix, and enjoys watching her mama's guests making love, and her parents making hate. But gnawing at all their entrails is the noonday demon, and they all behave like puppets, moved jerkily hither and yon by their besetting sins.

Miss Gordon conveys beauty admirably: Lucy and Isabel together, so alike in their blonde, burnt, skinny good looks; the beauty of plants and rocks, of moss, of briars, of a buxom young Negro girl asleep, of the Perseids dropping to the Danae'd earth; of the house, with its unlikely motto, "Prepare to meet thy God," of the trees around it and of the junk in the attic. But, though Miss Gordon shows beauty as truth, she knows it is not love, at our level. Only Lucy, longing for the pony, which, when she gets it, throws her, knows what a waste of beauty their lives are, and realizes, although dimly, that the only waster is Satan.

STARK YOUNG, who dedicates his book to Miss Gordon's husband, Allen Tate, conveys the reverse of Miss Gordon's medal. She, in fiction, shows how all that spirit or heart could desire of perfect setting and 'gracious living' are wasted by those who don't obey the first commandment. He shows how good can come even out of evil.

His South is Miss Gordon's South a few years ago. He grew up with slavery not a remote echo, but practically present: his uncle, out of pity, would buy groups of slave children separated from their parents, and raise them on buttermilk fed them in a pig's trough, with corn pone on the side; his doctor father would drive out late at night to minister "to some Negro very sick or dying,

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and as often or not expect to be paid nothing for it," while black Aunt Ann's near neighbors, whom he paid to look after her, stole her bedcovers before she was dead, and her funeral clothes from her trunk, and even the curly black bangs she was to be buried in. "'What can you do, son?' was all my father said." Yet in spite of such shadows, the light that bathes Mr. Young's book is uniformly golden, the gold drops forever from Ovid's golden ilexes, and the question he leaves one with is: How civilized can a human being be? For Mr. Young out-mellows the gentle literary giants amongst whom, as an adolescent, he strayed: Henry James, who immortalized Stark Young as "the charming young man from Texas," Lady Gregory, Edmund Gosse, above all, Eleanora Duse.

How badly, above all how baldly, we Americans present ourselves! Like the Romans, we naively clamor to be judged by aqueducts and capitols, and export our solemn, leather-faced, bulging, pompous Senators. Yet what survived from Rome, thank God, was ruined arches and a system of law. And, let us hope that Europe, Asia, Africa, and Australasia, past, present and to come, will forgive us and forget our tiled bathrooms, our television sets, our Mercury convertibles, and remember only the celestial honeycombs of New York's skyscrapers at night, and lines such as Robert Frost's "miles to go before I sleep" and Stark Young's description of his coming of age. He learned, he writes, in the clear mountainous Carolina country, that "there can be no miracles, not because they are contrary to possibility and fact, but because what e call a miracle is itself the fact . . . but still the seasons came, the moon and the stars, all in their due moments, and I was baffled and comforted and whipped by their rightness." As we may be, I hope, by his.

ANNE FREMANTLE.

The United States and Spain. Carlton J. H. Hayes. Sheed & Ward. $2.75.

PROFESSOR HAYES makes a strong case for closer relations between the American and Spanish peoples in this telescoped and documented study. He traces our distorted views back to the attempted invasion of Britain by the Spanish Armada. There is no denying the fact that Spaniards and Spanish-Americans have always had a poor press in this country. Physical vigor and "huskiness," to which Professor Hayes alludes more than once, are among the many unrecognized virtues of the various Hispanic peoples.

In dealing with such controversial issues as the tragic civil war and the Franco regime, the author is judicious in tone. He cites such critical observers as Gerald Brenan and Mendizabal, as well as Richard Pattee. He wonders how happy anti-Franco Americans would be to be confronted today with a Soviet Spain at the western end of the Mediterranean.

It is only when you begin to reflect on this whole persuasive treatise that doubts arise on certain points. Can it be that there was no neglect of the

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Spanish masses by the nobility and the Church? Were the periodic acts of violence against the churches and Religious simply at the instigation of foreign agitators? Are there no dangers involved for the Church in Spain from its close connection with the Franco dictatorship? And then there is the biggest political question of all: Does it aid the mutual understanding and friendship between the peoples of Spain and the United States to bolster and protract a regime which the bulk of the people of Spain want to see gradually replaced?

EDWARD S. SKILLIN.

A Hero of Our Time. Vasco Pratolini. Prentice-Hall. $3.

THE influence of modern American novelists on certain Italian writers has been so strong that it is quite easy to read Pratolini's new work and not find any traits that can distinguish it from the very ordinary American novel of violence. There is violence. There is sex. There is staccato, exclamation point studded dialogue. And, shades of the 1930's, there are warm, humanitarian Communists whose lives are devoted to their brothers and to fighting the Anti-Christ, Fascism.

Sandrino, the hero, is fittingly an adolescent, a bastard, a neo-Fascist, an astoundingly precocious Casanova, and a creature propelled only by the lust to destroy. Occasionally his face has the beauty of a child but "his eyes darken when he becomes angry." After having stolen his mistress' money (she is twice his age, 33) to go to Milan to buy arms for his neo-Fascist squad, he returns angry, furious. Criminals, taking advantage of his youthful ingenuity, took his money and left him high and dry in the big, cold city. There is nothing else for Sandrino after that but to start a flirtation with a beautiful Madonna of a girl whose father was a brilliant Communist, and to impale his first mistress because she reveals to him that she is pregnant and that she wants to spend the rest of her life with him. Poor Sandrino. Yet there is hope. The young Communist and his wife who took an interest in him will probably continue to help him, and the Communist Beatrice, the young fascinating girl whom he feels he loves, will also keep guard over him. They will save him from the neo-Fascists.

Even the most level-headed reader will become exasperated reading this jumbled piece of nonsense. What need was there of translating it at all? Was it the prestige of Pratolini's very competent first novel, *A Tale of Poor Lovers*? Is the work supposed to have any actual value? If in the future Italian works are of this level, it would be best to spend one's hours with a good translation of *Pinocchio*.

SERGE HUGHES.

Southern Parish. Vol. 1. Dynamics of a City Church. Joseph H. Fichter, S.J. University of Chicago Press. $5.

WITH the aid of a good-sized research staff, Father Fichter made a survey of a southern parish. The present volume is the first volume of his report and three others are promised. It consists essentially of statistics and observations bearing on the life of the parish throughout an entire year. The number of Confessions and Communions, the attendance at Mass and other services, along with a variety of other statistical material, are reported in tables and graphs. There are lively descriptions of ordinary and special services, including those connected with a mission and a centennial celebration. The book makes interesting reading.

His topic being so important, it is too bad that Father Fichter did not do a better job. The book gives evidence of hasty and careless work. Incredible as it may seem, about half the numerical calculations checked by the reviewer were found to be in error. There are numerous mistakes on elementary points of Canon Law and parochial practice. The reasoning is often extremely loose.

One example of the author's method must suffice. On p. 153 he states, "We have estimated that only 57.43 per cent of those who ought to go to Sunday Mass actually do so." This is a sensational statement and it will doubtless be widely quoted. What is its basis? One is surprised to find that it is based, not on an average Sunday, but on the Sunday with the year's lowest attendance, 2,758, "a bitterly cold day for this southern city" (pp. 151-52). The author estimates that a number equal to 10 per cent of the actual attendance might have been legitimately excused or have fulfilled their obligation elsewhere. Ten per cent of 2,758 is 275.8 which should be rounded to 276; but Father Fichter rounds it to 275, adds this figure to 2,758, and obtains 3,033 which he sets down in Table 16, p. 152, as the number attending Sunday Mass "Weekly." Since 3,033 is 57.43 per cent of 5,281, the number of "persons of seven years of age and older, who are bound by the obligation of attending Mass" (p. 152), the author arrives at the estimate already quoted.

Remember that he set at 275 the number legitimately absent from Mass in their parish church on a bitterly cold Sunday; 275 is only 5.21 per cent of 5,281, the number stated to be under obligation of attending. This seems an extraordinarily low estimate. The obligation of Sunday Mass is, indeed, grave, but it does not bind unreasonably. It is the common teaching of theologians that any moderately serious reason (*quaevis causa mediocriter gravis*) is a sufficient excuse from the obligation. In case of extraordinary weather, schools are often closed while people postpone important business and break engagements. Under such circumstances one would expect that more than 5.21 per cent (about 1 in 19) of the people in this southern parish might miss Sunday Mass without mortal sin. Father Fichter's reasoning is hard to follow. He picks the Sunday of the year with the lowest Mass attendance, estimates that only about 1 person in 19 is legitimately absent in this case of extraordinary weather, and on this basis sets down in Table 19, p. 152, that only 57.43 per cent of the parishioners belong in the "Weekly" classification of Sunday Mass attendance.

Reasoning like this is pretty common throughout the book. Unfortunately, a good many readers, unskilled in the criticism of social research, are likely to take the statistics presented at face value. Such readers will get a distorted picture of a certain southern parish.

PAUL HANLY FURFEY.

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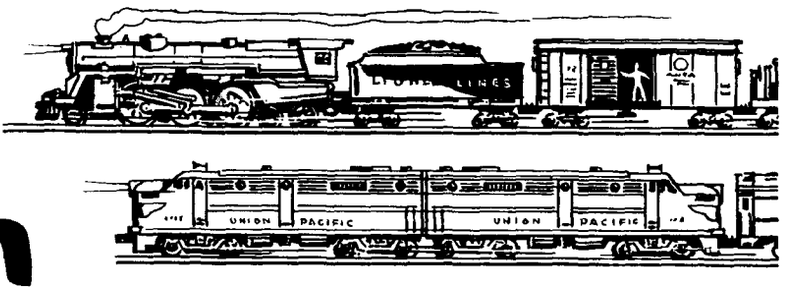

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